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ROBERT GRAVES

Jungian Mythology

NEVER ARGUE HISTORICALLY ABOUT GREEK MYTHS with Freudians or Jungians. Members of neither persuasion can react in more than a single way to the subject.

Never, for instance, try to convince a Freudian practitioner that, in the original story on which Freud's theory of the Oedipus Complex is based, Oedipus neither killed his father nor lay with his mother—since Laius was, in fact, Oedipus's royal predecessor, not his progenitor, and Jocasta was the Theban representative of the pre-Hellenic Mother-goddess, not his progenitrix. He is pre-conditioned to reply: "But we can prove by innumerable case-histories that all boys are in love with their mothers and have a repressed desire to kill their fathers, which the myth unconsciously betrays."

And never show him a Greek vase painting of blinded Oedipus leaning on a stick, unless you are prepared to hear him argue in a circle:

"Blinded Oedipus leans on a stick;
A stick is a phallic symbol;
Therefore blindness symbolizes castration.

Moreover:

A stick is a phallic symbol;
Blindness symbolizes castration;
Therefore blinded Oedipus leans on a stick.

Also:

Blindness symbolizes castration;
Blinded Oedipus leans on a stick;
Therefore a stick is a phallic symbol—

And *that* is why four-year-old boys love playing with sticks and show (unconsciously) a morbid fear of castration—as we can prove by innumerable case-histories."

The Freudian syllogism is watertight and humourless, and one practitioner closely resembles all others because, in order to qualify as such, he must first submit to psycho-analysis and approve of all its weird findings. This *credo quia absurdum* acceptance of the theory by thousands of qualified physicians is a remarkable feature of our age; but Freud was a pioneer in the field of practical

psycho-therapy and organized Freudianism has now become a vested interest, reputedly authoritative, and state-fostered throughout the Western World; so that even those practitioners who do not wholeheartedly believe in it accept its pragmatic value at least. Freudian infiltration into literary criticism has been disastrous, if only because the theory is logically unassailable, granted its unprovable premiss. Writers who have betrayed their professed literary standards, throw a nervous breakdown, consult an analyst, win back confidence in themselves as geniuses, and set out again with a splendid new vocabulary of jargon.

It is not generally recognized that Freud, in his work on the symbolism of dreams, split personality and related subjects, stood in much the same relationship to Gottlieb Schubert—my maternal great-grandfather—on whose revolutionary writings his early work is squarely based,¹ as Charles Darwin did to the Abbé Lamarck. Each refurbished a predecessor's concept and gave it a new controversial quirk—Freud, "the Infantile Libido"; Darwin, "Natural Selection"—and was so energetic in promoting it and founding a personal School that both "Darwinism" and "Freudianism" are now popular synonyms for the general theories of evolution and the mechanism of dreams.

Jungians have been less successful, since ours is an age of sick souls at odds with their environment and Jung has always shown greater interest in group-psychology than in individual cases. He regards myths as an irrepressible uprush of fancy from the primitive group-mind in which the symbols constantly shift and change, like faces in a dream. Jung's work is also ultimately based on Schubert's, but more particularly on his romantic speculations about the collective unconscious, through the line of Carus, Fechner, James and Wundt. He, too, has organized a humourless and watertight psychological system on which he takes a firm stand; though recently there have been rumours that he is amending important parts of it in secret lectures to select pupils, who are forbidden to take notes.

*Essays on a Science of Mythology*² contains alternate pieces by C. Kerényi, a pious Hungarian disciple of Jung's, and Jung him-

¹*Ansichten von der Nachtseite der Naturwissenschaft*, Dresden, 1816; *Die Geschichte der Seele*, Stuttgart, 1830; *Die Symbolik des Traumes*, Leipzig, 1837. See *Interpretation of Dreams: Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*, Modern Library, p. 370.

²Translated by R. F. C. Hull. Bollingen Series. The title to the English edition is *An Introduction to a Science of Mythology*.

self. But this title is disclaimed in the text: we find both authors denouncing the folly of any attempt at a rational approach to mythology. Kerényi, though he has long been publishing psychological treatises with titles like *Apollo*, *Hermes* and *Mnemosyne*, is more at home in Hungarian and Finnish folk-tales than in Classical mythology—a very different subject—to which he tries to relate them. In the book under review he has prepared the material for Jung's comment, after predigesting it on Jungian principles—though in a recent letter to the *London Times Literary Supplement* he surprisingly asserts: "the ideas and discoveries of Professor Jung played no role in my life in 1939, when I wrote these essays."³

Myths are neither irresponsible nor fanciful: they may be defined as the equivalent, in story form, of a pictorial shorthand anciently used for religious or political ends. A true science of mythology would begin with the deciphering of symbols used in this shorthand at different periods of history or pre-history.

Pictorial shorthand is not, however, a necessarily primitive technique; it is still widely used, especially in the newspaper cartoon. Some years ago, in the introduction to my *Golden Fleece*, I wrote that Vachel Lindsay's poem *Bryan, Bryan, Bryan* deserves the attention of all students of Greek mythology. Remembering his adolescent emotions during William Jennings Bryan's campaign for the U. S. Presidency in 1896, Lindsay mixes autobiographical statement with pictographic language borrowed from Democratic cartoonists:

*In a coat like a deacon
In a black Stetson hat
He scourged the Elephant plutocrats
With barbed wire from the Platte . . .
. . . plutocrats . . .
With dollar signs upon their coats
And spats on their feet.*

This is a simple myth for even an Englishman to decipher. It is clear that McKinley, Hanna and the Republican party-leaders were scourged no more than verbally by Bryan; that the Elephant is the Republican party emblem; and that the barbed wire stands

³Yet on p. 81 (English edition) occurs the sentence: "We can call psychological research—above all Jung's—to witness in this respect, since it has demonstrated exactly, step by step, the existence of 'archaic' elements in the psychic life of modern man."

for the voting interests of the cattle-raising South and West—the Platte lying in Bryan's Nebraska. It is clear, too, that few Wall Street plutocrats wore spats (which symbolized their affectation of English manners) and that the dollar signs were imaginatively put on their coats as a taunt that money lay too close to their hearts.

Greek mythographers, I pointed out, used this sort of language, and if Lindsay had been a sixth-century Greek, the poem would have been summarized in the mythographies of Hyginus and Apollodorus more or less as follows:

Lindsaeos of Ochian Parthenie, the dithyrambist, recounts a fabulous fight between Bryaneus, a black-garbed champion of the neat-herds who haunt the well-watered Plattos, some say a helmeted priest of the demi-god Stetos, Zeus's son, and certain rich tyrants of the East who came against him with elephants. He, using only a scourge of iron strands, drove out from the borders of the western land these baleful tyrants, clad in half-spatterdashes such as mountain folk use, and in white tunics embroidered with the device of a serpent twined about twin stakes; for by this sign they dedicated themselves to the Infernal Serpent Plutos, Giver of Wealth. Nevertheless, in the end, Bryaneus was worsted in battle and confined to Tartarus.

Cartoon shorthand is often extremely terse, as in the device for the recent Festival of Britain: Britannia's helmeted head at the North point of a red, white and blue compass, with a line of flags stretched between the East and West. But the visitor asks for no psychological explanation: he knows that Britannia symbolizes British achievement and that the north is the point by which all compasses are set. The flags are festival flags, but suggest also that members of every nation in the world are magnetically drawn to British shores.

However, the original meaning of pictorial symbols is easily forgotten and misunderstood. In four thousand years, what will archaeologists make of the Festival device? Or of the mysterious sporting cartoon which any British sportsman will understand at sight: a lion shouldering a wooden bat courteously presents a small urn, containing cricket-ashes, to a kangaroo? Will they describe them as "bizarre and chimerical fancies of the Late Christian Age"?

Chimerical is an adjective formed from the noun *chimaera*. Four thousand years ago the Chimaera was not at all bizarre, and

nobody regarded her as an uprush from the collective unconscious. She was a formal composite beast with (as Homer records) a lion's head, a goat's body and a serpent's tail. The chimaera has been found carved on a Hittite temple at Carchemish, and was originally a calendar symbol: each of her parts represented one of the three seasons of the Carian sacred year.

Bellerophon, in the Homeric myth, masters the winged horse Pegasus and kills the fire-breathing Chimaera. Perseus, in a variant of the same myth, flies through the air and beheads Pegasus's mother, the Gorgon Medusa. His name was first spelt *Pterseus*, "the Destroyer"; and he was not, as Kerényi suggests, an archetypal Death figure, but represented the patriarchal Hellenes who invaded Greece and Asia Minor early in the second millennium B.C., and whose male trinity of gods, Indra, Mitra and Varuna, ousted the Triple Moon-goddess, the supreme divine matriarch of Europe and Asia Minor before male gods were known there. Pegasus was a symbol of the pre-Hellenic religion which used the horse—sacred to the Moon (because of its moon-shaped hoof-prints)—as a cult-animal for rain-making ceremonies. Medusa was the Goddess herself, behind a prophylactic Gorgon-mask, a hideous face intended to warn the profane against trespass. Perseus beheaded Medusa: that is, the Hellenes overran the Goddess's chief shrines, stripped the Gorgon-masks from her priestesses and took possession of the sacred horses. In an early record of this event, found in Boeotia, the Goddess is pictured with a Gorgon's head and a mare's body. Bellerophon, Perseus's double, killed the Chimaera: that is, the Hellenes annulled the ancient Medusan calendar, and replaced it by another.

A large part of Greek myth is politico-religious history of this sort. Heracles's slaying of the Lernaean Hydra and the Nemean lion, his capture of the Ceryneian stag, his robbing of the tripod from the priestess of Delphi: all these record the seizure by the Hellenes of local matriarchal shrines. So does Apollo's attempted rape of Daphne who was metamorphosed into a laurel; yet this myth is quoted by Freudian psychologists as symbolizing a girl's instinctive horror of the sexual act. Daphne was no frightened virgin. Her name is a contraction of *Daphnoine*, "the Bloody One", the Goddess in orgiastic mood, whose priestesses, the Maenads, chewed laurel-leaves⁴ as an intoxicant and, periodically,

⁴Containing cyanide of potassium.

rushed out when the moon was full to assault unwary travellers, and tear children or young animals in pieces. The Hellenes suppressed these Maenad colleges and the laurel-grove remained sole witness to Daphoine's former occupancy of the shrines; but the chewing of laurel by anyone except the prophetic Pythian priestess, whom Apollo retained in his service at Delphi, was tabooed in Greece until Roman times, and the Maenads took to wine and reappeared under Dionysus's protection.

Jung, however, having no gift for concise expression, nor poetic understanding,⁵ nor sense of history, denies that this shorthand ever had any precise meaning. He writes:

The methodological principle in accordance with which psychology [*he means his own school of psychology*] treats the products of the unconscious is this: "Contents of an archetypal character are manifestations of processes in the collective unconscious. Hence they do not refer to anything that is, or has been, conscious, but to something essentially unconscious. In the last analysis, therefore, it is impossible to say what they refer to . . . There is no longer any question of whether a myth refers to the sun or the moon, the father or the mother, sexuality or fire or water. All we can do is to circumscribe and give an approximate description of an unconscious core of meaning."

Thus he relieves himself of regard for archaeological or historical research. He comes across mystic cyphers which he is unable to solve, and retreats to a position from which he cannot possibly be dislodged. He writes defiantly about:

. . . the pre-conscious structure of the psyche which was already in existence when there was as yet no unit of personality.

Admittedly, some myths are very puzzling at first sight; but that is often because the mythographer has accidentally or deliberately misinterpreted a sacred picture or ritual drama. I have called such misinterpretation "iconotropy", and instances of it can be found in all sacred literature which sets the seal upon some radical reform of primitive beliefs.

Greek myth abounds in iconotropic instances. The so-called "Judgement of Paris", where a hero is called upon to decide between the rival charms of three goddesses and awards an apple to the fairest, is a relic of an ancient ritual situation, already outgrown by the time of Homer and Hesiod. These three goddesses are one goddess in triad: the Moon as Maiden, Bride and Crone—

⁵In his book on the unconscious poetic mind he dwells most lovingly on the works of Goethe and Longfellow.

Artemis, Aphrodite and Hera—and Aphrodite, the Bride, is in fact presenting Paris with the apple, not receiving it from him. The apple symbolizes her love, but a love bought at the cost of his life. It becomes his passport to the Elysian Fields, the apple orchards of the West, to which the souls only of heroes are admitted. A similar gift was frequently made in Irish and Welsh myth; also by the Three Hesperides, to Heracles; and by Eve, “the Mother of All Living”, to Adam. Thus Nemesis, Goddess of the sacred grove who, in late myth, became a symbol of divine vengeance on proud kings, was always pictured with an apple-hung branch, her gift to heroes. All neolithic and Bronze Age paradises were orchard-islands; *paradise* itself means “orchard”. “Elysium” seems to be connected with the pre-Gallic word *alisier*, “sorb-apple”, which has survived in French; and “Avernus”, which the Latins derived from *a-ornis*, “without birds”, to be a variant of the Arthurian “Avalon”—Welsh, *Afallen*—and to mean “Apple-island”.

A science of myth, then, should begin with a study of archaeology, history, and comparative religion, not in the psychotherapist’s consulting room. An immense amount of work has still to be done before the great confused corpus of Greek myth that has descended to us can be properly classified. Political or historical myths must be distinguished from ritual or calendar myths—and often they are closely interwoven, as in the epics of the Argonauts and the *Odyssey*. Iconotropic distortion must then be noted, and an attempt made to give each myth its date and provenience: which is usually indicated by the manner of the hero’s death—whether he is struck by lightning, flung from a cliff, dragged by wild horses, devoured by hounds, stung by a serpent, shot in the heel with an arrow, disembowelled by a wild boar, drowned in a jar of honey, or torn to pieces by wild women.

When this task has been completed, but only then, psychologists will be able to isolate certain genuinely primitive mythic elements—there may well be such—which have no obvious explanation in history or natural history; and decide whether Jung is right in describing these as:

. . . archetypes or primordial images which manifest themselves at all times in religion, mysticism, alchemy, as well as in the dreams, visions and fantasies brought to light in the consulting room.

Jung holds that such primordial obsessions are inherited, and I would not contradict him, though it is doubtful how far the ac-

tual image, rather than a predisposition to recognize and perpetuate it, is inherited. Once, in rural Pennsylvania, I was left in charge of a farmer's wife suffering from a nervous breakdown, until an ambulance arrived. Her terrifying performance of Maenad rites fascinated me. She attempted to strangle a child, laughed mirthlessly, shook out her hair, stripped off her clothes, became aggressively nymphomaniac, and prayed to a white anaconic image which she improvised from bandages—this being one of the earliest known symbols of the Goddess as Bride. But how far was her behaviour inherited, and how far had she unwittingly absorbed it from her reading?

Jung states downrightly:

The primitive mentality does not invent myths; it experiences them. Myths are original revelations of the preconscious psyche, involuntary statements about unconscious psychic happenings.

But hardly any of the Greek myths which he discusses are primitive. For the most part they were formulated in territories which were, or had recently been, in close political relation with Minoan Crete. And Minoan Crete was sophisticated enough to possess written archives, four-storey buildings with hygienic plumbing, and a calendar based on patient astronomic observation.

*

In the first part of their book Jung and Kerényi seek to prove that the "Child-God", as they call him—instancing the Infant Hercules, the Infant Apollo, the Infant Zeus, the Infant Hermes and the Christ Child—is not a carefully chosen pictorial symbol, but a "primordial psychic archetype". Jung writes:

It is born out of the womb of the unconscious, begotten out of the depths of human nature, a personification of vital forces quite outside the limited range of our conscious mind. It represents the strongest, the most ineluctable urge in every being, namely the urge to realize itself. It is, as it were, an incarnation of the *inability* to do otherwise, equipped with all the powers of nature and instinct, whereas the conscious mind is always getting tied up with its supposed *ability* to do otherwise. The urge and compulsion to self-realization is a *Law of Nature* and thus of invincible power, even though its effect, at the start, is insignificant and improbable. The power is revealed in the miraculous doings of the child hero . . .

Neither Kerényi nor Jung has noticed the most important characteristic of the Divine Child: that Zeus, Dionysus, Apollo,

Hercules and the Divine Child of Eleusis—not to mention Mithras, Baldur, Finn, Gwion, the Canaanite Jehovah and the Christ Child⁶ were all born at the winter solstice, when the pre-Hellenic year began. This year was ruled by the Triple Moon-goddess and pictorially represented as a Zodiacal circle around which the Spirit of the Year moved like the Sun, changing seasonally, and in varying relation with the Goddess. His life began on the coldest, shortest day, advanced to the longest, hottest day, then declined.

It was convenient to describe this spirit in terms of a hero's progress. He was mothered by the Goddess; and his Epiphany was either on dolphin-back, because the Moon controls the tides; or in a winnowing basket, because the Moon ruled the growth of crops and vegetation. Having strangled the serpents which beset his cradle—serpents symbolized winter and death—he was released at puberty, the Spring Equinox, from his Mother's tutelage, sported with the Maiden-goddess, performed daring feats to prove his manhood and, at Midsummer, was accepted as the lover of the Bride-goddess, who had him ritually killed at the close of their honeymoon. He then became a *hero*; the word denotes sacrifice to Hera. The Goddess spent the second half of the year with his shadow, or other self, or rival, or tanist, or co-king. The life-cycle of the sacred tribal king in neolithic and early Bronze Age times was modelled on this Divine Child myth; which was later modified when his reign, together with that of his co-king, was lengthened from one year to eight, and boy-victims annually sacrificed in his stead.

Jung and Kerényi fail to distinguish these royal child-victims—who appear in myth as Melicertes, Zagreus, Phaethon and the rest—from the infant Spirit of the Year. Indeed, they seem to regard even the Homeric hymns as being of primordial inspiration, unaware that they are polished literary productions written centuries after the Hellenes and the pre-Hellenes had agreed on a compromise religion. This was the Olympian family of six gods and six goddesses, which Zeus ruled, formed by raising local Spirits of the Year to the status of immortal gods and engaging various aspects of the Goddess to complete the divine cast.

Jung approves a heavy apothegm of Kerényi's: "In the symbol the world itself is speaking." He adds, again disclaiming any scientific or even rational view of myths:

⁶His birthday had been first variously celebrated on January 6th, April 19th, May 20th or November 17th, but was changed to December 25th by the Church authorities about 354 A.D., to make it correspond with the feast of Mithras.

The more archaic and deeper, that is the more physiological, the symbol is, the more collective and universal, the more "material" it is. The more abstract, differentiated and specific it is, the more its nature approximates to conscious uniqueness and individuality, the more it sloughs off its universal character and . . . runs the risk of becoming a mere allegory which nowhere oversteps the bound of conscious comprehension and is then exposed to all sorts of attempts at rationalistic and therefore inadequate explanation.

But if he is right in postulating that the more archaic and undifferentiated the symbol, the closer it approximates to the primordial archetype, then the five photographic illustrations in this book, used to support the argument of the Divine Child as an archetype, are most disingenuously chosen. They all show highly literary and sentimental statues of the god Eros: one Alexandrian, three Roman, one sixteenth-century Venetian. As Jane Harrison pointed out long ago in her *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, the archaic Eros, "Lust", was either pictured as a Spite—one of the winged abstractions that assail mankind, among them Old Age, Madness and Death—or, more baldly, as a stone phallus, as at Thespiae. It was only in the later red-figured vases that more attractive winged spirits, *erotes*, cluster around their mother and mistress, the Love-goddess Aphrodite—impulses of sexual passion, charming temptations to bear or beget children; but these are conscious allegories, of the sort despised by Jung, and become even less archaic in Roman times.

The Alexandrians started a literary cult of Eros as an irrepressibly naughty boy who never grew up and was for ever making a fool of Aphrodite, his mother, and of Zeus himself, by involving them in humiliating love affairs. (Though Apollonius Rhodius's humour was more delicate than that of his successor Apuleius, the theme is the same.) But that the Alexandrian Eros allegorically carried a torch to set lovers' hearts aflame is no reason for linking him, as Kerényi does, with the archaic Divine Child who renews the genial fire of the year at the Winter Solstice. And it is absurd to allegorize this gift of fire, with Jung, as "the gift of light, the enlarging of consciousness". He writes on this topic:

Not a few child figures are *culture heroes* and thus identified with things that form the culture: fire, metal, corn, etc.

and then, in a footnote, describes the Christ Child as a fiery-

natured culture-hero, a bringer of light—misled by Jerome's quotation of Jesus's apocalyptic saying: "He who is near me is near the fire." Jesus was anything but a culture-hero to Jerome, and his words meant something altogether different: that a belief in himself as the Messiah implied a belief in the approaching end of the world, which would come with a rain of fire.

Jung regards myth, in fact, as a delightful timeless world-soup, thickened with innumerable titbits, all alike reduced to a single fundamental, Germanic taste: sample one, sample the lot. This has emboldened him to collaborate with Richard Wilhelm in a work on Chinese mythology, *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, quite unaware of the huge gulf between Chinese and Western symbolism. If, for example, a girl "wears the willow" in European folksong, this means that she is sleeping alone in a narrow bed, deserted by her lover; whereas in Chinese folksong it means that she is the most popular performer at the local brothel. Jung has made a similarly irresponsible excursion into the field of mediaeval alchemy, where nobody has yet ventured to check his fantasies—I suppose because Dionysius, the 11th century Byzantine chemist, is not yet available in intelligent translation. Dionysius was a German who broke down the allegorical code of the Spanish metallurgists, translating such prescriptions as: "Marry the she-dragon to the lion, and set her silver egg to hatch under a red cock", into simple chemical formulae.

The second part of the book concerns the Mysteries of Eleusis. Here Kerényi is peculiarly obtuse: he suggests that the initiate had to identify himself with the Goddess Demeter by "being pursued, robbed, raped, failing to understand, raging, grieving and then getting everything back, and being born again." Kerényi does not suggest just how the initiate was symbolically raped; yet explains his confession, preserved by Clement of Alexandria—"I have fasted, drained the mixing bowl, taken [certain things] from the chest, worked [with them] and then put [them] back into the basket, and from the basket into the chest"—by saying:

. . . the initiate did what the sorrowing and wrathful Demeter also did: fasted and then drank the mixed drink. The mysterious business with the chest and the basket can only be something that Demeter did in the royal household at Eleusis, some action in the service of the queen.

No! Demeter's mysteries were notoriously akin to Cybele's, of which Clement has again preserved the initiate's confession: "I have eaten from the cymbal, I have drunk from the cymbal, I have carried the dish of offerings, I have gone down into the bridal chamber"; and "worked", *ergasamenos*, was a common Greek expression for performing the sexual act. It is now generally agreed that the initiate's action was a thoroughly masculine one: he entered the bridal chamber and symbolically consummated the holy marriage of the annual corn-king with the Goddess by working some phallic object up and down in a sacred female top-boot.

Again, Kerényi assumes, unhistorically, that the Hellenes introduced barley and the horse into Eleusis, together with the Goddess Demeter; and that Brimos, the Divine male Child of the Eleusinian Mysteries, was really the lost Persephone—because in these primordial uprushes of fancy all distinction of sex is, he holds, lost.

Then Jung, misled by Kerényi's view of the initiate's mystic change of sex, writes of the Goddess with almost Delphic obscurity:

This figure, when observed in a man belongs to the *anima* type; when observed in a woman, to the type of superordinate personality. It is essentially characteristic of psychic figures that they are duplex or at least capable of duplication; at all events they are bipolar and oscillate between their positive and negative meaning.

He follows this by instances of his patients' dreams in which she allegedly occurs:

A black-clad countess kneels in a dark chapel. Her dress is hung with costly pearls. She is red-haired and surrounded by the spirits of the dead.

The unknown woman sits, like a dreamer, on the tip of a church spire and stares at him uncannily across the abyss.

She suddenly appears as an old female attendant in an underground public lavatory with a temperature of 40 below zero.

She leaves the house, looking like a *petite bourgeoisie*, with a female relation, and in her place there is suddenly an over-life size goddess clad in blue. . . .

Returning once more to Greek mythology, Jung remarks of the Goddess as Maiden:

Her helplessness exposes her to all sorts of dangers, for instance of being devoured by reptiles or ritually slaughtered like a beast. Often there are bloody, cruel and even obscene orgies to which she falls victim.

But this is not archetypal or primordial myth. The pre-Hellenic Goddess was inviolate in every one of her three aspects. She was the leader, not the victim, of the orgies ("barley-feasts"). But when the Hellenes finally broke the Goddess's power by desecrating her shrines, they decided, it seems, that the best way to keep her priestesses down was to give them a taste of what they had so long imposed on men. Abolishing male child-sacrifice, recorded in a hundred myths, they sacrificed girl-priestesses—Iphigeneia, Helle, Andromeda and the rest. Nor were the elder priestesses spared humiliation: Zeus hung Hera up by her wrists from Heaven with anvils tied to her ankles; Aphrodite was put to public shame in a net; Thetis, the pre-Hellenic Sea-goddess, was married off to a mere mortal and Poseidon took possession of her element.

Chief among his universal archetypes Jung places the "Wise Old Man". Such an archetype may be found among the yellow races, but no trace of it is found in Western mythology. It is true that, in Homer, ancient veterans, such as Nestor, give advice from chimney corners, and practised diplomats, such as Mentor, resolve disputes, and blind bards, such as Teiresias, utter prophecies. But these are not archaic figures; otherwise a wise old god, to whom everyone came for counsel, would surely have been found among the Olympians. The nearest equivalent in Homer to a wise old man is the evasive Proteus, whom he is careful to describe as an Egyptian. Divine wisdom was a female prerogative both at Rome and in Greece; and it was Athene, not Father Zeus, who conferred wisdom on Teiresias. Indeed, Zeus himself visits his old she-cousin Metis for advice when he plans the overthrow of his father Cronos. It is obvious that Jung has been misled by his experiences in the consulting-room, where the "wise old man" of his patients' dreams is not an archetype at all, but a flattering portrait of Jung himself.